VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

$1,00 Per Annum, In Advance. "Hearken to me, I also, will show mine opinion." Single Copies, Three Cents.

VOLUME 1. FITCHBURG MASS., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1845. NUMBER 16.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
By an Association of Workingmen
W. F. YOUNG, Editor.

TERMS.—$1,00 Per annum if paid in advance.
1,25 after six months.
1,50 at the expiration of the year.

ADVERTISING—at the usual rates.

All communications relating to any department of the paper or office should be directed POST PAID to the Voice of Industry," Fitchburg, Mass.

Poetry.

Light for All—BY J. GOSTICK.

You cannot pay with Money
The million sons of Toil—
The sailors on the ocean,
The peasant on the soil,
The laborer in the quarry,
The hewer of the coal;
Your money pays the hand,—
But it cannot pay the soul.

You gaze on the cathedral,
Whose turrets meet the sky;
Remember the foundations
That in earth and darkness lie:
For were not those foundations
So darkly resting there,
Your towers could never soar up
So proudly in the air.

The workshop must be crowded
That the place may be bright,
If the ploughman did not plough,
Then the poet could not write.
Then let every toil be hallowed
That man performs for man,
And have its share of honor,
As part of one great plan.

See, light dart down from Heaven,
And enter where it may;
The eyes of all earth's people
Are cheered with one bright day.
And let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill the souls of men,
As the water fill the sea.

The man who turns the soil
Need not have an earthly mind,
The digger 'mid the coal
Need not be in spirit blind:
The mind can shed a light
On each worthy labor done,
As lowliest things are bright
In the radiance of the sun.

The tailor, ay, the cobbler,
May lift their heads as men—
Better far than Alexander,
Could he wake to life again,
And think of all his bloodshed,
(And all for nothing too!)
And ask himself—"What made I
As useful as a shoe?"

What cheers the musing student,
The poet, the divine?
The thought that for his followers
A brighter day will shine,
Let every human laborer
Enjoy the vision bright—
Let thought that comes from Heaven
Be spread like Heaven's own light!

Ye men who hold the pen,
Rise like a band inspired,
And, poets, let your lyrics
With hope for man be fired;
Till earth becomes a temple,
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

SELECTED TALES.

From the Columbian Magazine.

THE IRISH HEART.

A True Story.

BY MRS. L. MARIA CHILD.

It was a pleasant sight to look on James and Nora in their early childhood; their cheeks were so rosy, their hair so sunny, and their clear blue eyes so mild and innocent.—They were the youngest of a cabin full of children; and though they did now and then get a cuff from the elder ones, with the hasty words, "Get out of the way, you spalpeen." They were the pets and playmates of them all. Their love for each other was extreme; and though James, early in boyhood, evinced the Irish predilection for giving knocks, he was never known to raise his hand against his little sister. When she could first toddle about it was his delight to gather the May gowans, that grew about the well, and put them in Nora's curly hair; and then he would sit before her, with his little hands resting on his knees, contemplating her with the greatest satisfaction. When they were older, they might be seen weeding the 'pathies' (1) side by side, or hand in hand gathering berries among the hawthorn bushes. The greatest difference between them seemed to be, that James was all fun and frolic, while Nora was ever serious and earnest.

When the young maiden was milking the cows, her soft low voice might usually be heard, warbling some of the mournful melodies of Ireland. But plaintive tones were rarely heard from James. He came home from daily labor whistling like a black-bird, mocking the cockoo, or singing, at the top of his clear ringing voice, the merry jingle of St. Patrick's Day in the Morning, or the facetious air of Paudeen O'Rafferty. At dancing, too, he excelled all the lads of the neighborhood. He could dance Irish jigs, three part reel, four part reel, or rowly powly, to the tune of The Dusty Miller, or The Rakes of Bally-shanny, with such a quick ear for the music, that all the lassies declared they could 'see the tune upon his feet.' He was a comely lad, too, and at the weddings and Christmas carousals none of the rustic dandies looked more genteel than he, with his buff-colored vest, his knot of ribbons at each knee, and his *caubeen* (2) set jauntingly on one side of his head. Being good-natured and mirthful, he was a great favorite at wakes and dances, and festivities of all sorts; and he might have been in danger of becoming dissipated, had it not been for the happy consciousness of belonging to an honest industrious family, and being the pride and darling of Nora's heart.

Notwithstanding the natural gaiety of his disposition, he had the spirit of enterprise, and a love of earning money. This tendency led him early to think of emigrating to America, the Eldorado of Irish immagination. Nora resisted the first suggestion with many tears. But James drew fine pictures of a farm of his own in the new country, and cows and horses and a pleasant jaunting car; Nora was ever by his side; for with the very first guineas that crossed his hand, sure he would send for her. The affectionate sister, accustomed to sympathize with all his plans, soon began to help him to build his castles in America, and every penny that she could earn at her spinning-wheel was laid away for passage money. But when the time actually arrived for him to go to Dublin, it was a day of sorrow. All the married sisters, with their little ones, and neighbors from far and near, came to bid him farewell, and give their parting blessing.—The good Mother was busy to the last, storing away some little comfort in his sea-box. Nora, with the big tears in her eyes, repeated for the thousandth time. "and Jimmy, *mavoureen*, (3) if you grow grand there in the new country, you'll not be after forgetting me you will send for your own Nora soon?"

"Forget you!" exclaimed James, while he pressed her warmly to his bosom: "When the blessed sun forgets to rise over the green earth, may be I'll forget you, *mavoureen dheelish*." [4]

Amid oft repeated words of love and blessing, he parted from then. Their mutual sorrow was a little softened by distant visions of a final reunion of them all in America. But there was a fearful uncertainty about this.—The big sea might swallow him up, he might sicken and die among strangers, or bad examples might lead him into evil paths worse than death.

To this last suggestion, made by an elder sister, Nora replied with indignant earnestness. "Led into evil courses indeed!" she exclaimed: Shame be on you for spaking that same! and be the dacentest and best behaved boy in all the county Longford. You don't know the heart of him as I do, or you'd never be after spaking of him in that fashion. It's a shame on ye and indade it is. But och *wurrah dheelish* [5] let him not sicken and die there in the strange country, and the sister not there to do for him!" And overcome by the picture her own imagination had drawn, she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

In a few weeks, came a brief letter from James, written on board the ship in which he sailed from Dublin. About seven months later, came a letter, dated New York, saying he had obtained work at good wages, and by God's blessing, should soon be enabled to send for his dear sister. He added a hint that one of these days, when he had a house of his own, perhaps the father and mother would be after coming over. Proud were they in the Irish cabin, when this letter was read aloud to all who came to inquire after the young emigrant. All his old cronies answered, "Troth and he'd do well any where. He was always a dadent, clane, spirited boy, as there was widin a great ways of him. Divil a man in the parishes could dance Balthorum jig wid him, any how."

Time passed on, and no other letter came from James. Month after month, poor Nora watched with feverish anxiety to catch sight of her father when he returned from the post, office; for he promised if he found a letter, to wave his hand high above his head, as soon as he came to the top of the hill froning the house. But no letter came; and at last Nora fully believed that her darling brother was dead. After writing again and again and receiving no answer, she at last wrote to the son of a neighbor, who had emigrated to America, and begged of him, for the love of heaven to ascertain whether James was dead or alive and send them word as soon a possible. The Irishman to whom this urgent epistle was addressed, was at work on a distant railroad, and had no fixed place of residence; and so it happened that Nora received no answer to her anxious inquiries, for more than a year and a half after they were written. At last, there came a crumpled square of soiled paper, containing these words:

"DEAR FRIENDS:—Black and heavy is my hart for the news I have to tell you. James is in prison, concarnin a bit of paper, that he passed for money. Sorra a one of the nabors but will be lettin down the tears, when they hear of the same. I don't know the rights of the case; but I will never believe he was a boy to disgrace an honest family. Perhaps some other man's sin is upon him. It may be some comfort to you to know that his time will be out in a year and a half, any how. I have not seen James sense I come to Ameriky; but I heern tell of what I have writ. The blessed Mother of Heaven keep your hearts from sinking down with this heavy sorrow. Your frind and nabor. MIKE MURPHY."

Deep indeed was the grief in that poor and honest family, when these sad tidings were read. Poor Nora buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. The old mother rocked violently to and fro, with her apron at her eye; and the father, though he tried hard to conceal his emotion, could not restrain the big tears from rolling down his weather-beaten face. "Och, wo is the day," said he, "that ever we let him go from us. Such a dacent lad, and belonging to a family that never did a dishonest action. And sure all hearts were upon him, and we all so proud out of him."

"Father," said the weeping Nora, "I know the heart of him better nor any of you does, and I know he never had intintion to do any thing that would bring to the blush the mother that bore him, and the sister that slept in his arms, when we were both weeny things. I'll go to Ameriky, and find out all about it, and write you word."

"You go to Ameriky!" exclaimed her mother. "Sure you're crazed with the big grief that's upon you, *colen machree*, [6] or you'd niver spake them words."

"And wouldn't he follow me to the ends of the earth if the black trouble was on me?" replied Nora, with passionate earnestness.—"There was always kindness in him for all human crathurs; but he loved me better nor all the world. Never one had a bad word again him, but nobody knew the heart of him as I did. Proud was I of him, and lonesome in my heart without him. And is it I will lave him alone wid his troubles! Troth, not if there was ten oceans atween us."

This vehemence subsided after awhile and they talked more calmly of how they should hide their disgrace from the neighborhood.—That their hearts were sad they could not conceal. Day after day their frugal meals were removed almost untasted, and every one stepped about silently, as after a funeral. The very cows came slowly and disconsolately as if they heard grief in the voice of their young mistress, when she called them to be milked. And the good old mother no longer crooned at her spinning-wheel the song she had sung over the cradle of her darling boy. Nora at first presisted in her plan of crossing the Atlantic; but her father forbade it, and she said no more. But her heart grew more and more impatient. She spoke less and less of James, but she sighed heavily at her work, and her eyes were often red with weeping. At last she resolved to depart unknown to any one. She rose stealthily at midnight, tied up a small bundle of clothing, placed a little bag of money in her bosom, paused and gazed lovingly on her sleeping parents, hastily brushed away the gathering tears, and stept out into the moonlight. She stood for a few moments and gazed on old familiar hills and fields, on the potato patch, where she and James had worked together many a day, on the old well by the side of which the May gowens grew, and on the clear white cabin, where the dear old ones slept. She passed into the little shed that served as a stable for the animals, and threw her arms about the donky's neck, and kissed the cow, that knew her voice as well as her own mother did. She came forth weeping, and gazed on the homestead, as she would gaze on the face of a dying friend.—The clustering memories were too much for her loving heart. Dropping on her knees, she prayed, in an agony of sorrow; "If it be a sin to go away from the good old father and mother, perhaps niver to see them again, till the judgment day, thou oh! Father in heaven, wilt forgive me; for thou seest I can not lave him alone wid his great trouble!"

Then crossing herself, and looking toward the beloved home of her childhood, she said in a stifled voice, "The Mother of Glory be wid ye, and bless and keep ye all."

Half blinded with tears, she wended her way over the moon-lighted hills, and when her favorite cow called for her milking pail, in the first blush of the morning she was already far on her way to Dublin.

* * * *

And had James been criminal? In the eyes of the law he had been; but his sister was right, when she said he had no intention to do a wicked thing. Not long after his arrival in America, he was one dav walking along the street, in a respectable suit of Sunday clothes, when a stranger came up and entered into conversation with him. After asking some indifferent questions, he inquired what his coat cost.

"Sixteen dollars," was the answer.

"I will give you twenty for it," said the stranger; "for I am going away in a hurry, and have not time to get one made."

James was unsuspecting as a child. He thought this was an excellent opportunity to make four dollars to send to his darling sister; so he readily agreed to the bargain.

"I want a watch, too," said the stranger; "but perhaps you would not be willing to sell yours for ten dollars?"

James frankly confessed that it was two dollars more than he gave for it, and very willingly consented to transfer. Some weeks after, when he attempted to pass the money the stranger had given him, he found, to his dismay, that it was counterfeit. After brooding over his disappointment for some time, he came to a conclusion at which better educated men than himself have sometimes arrived. He thought to himself—"It is hard for a poor man to lose so much by no fault of his own. Since it was put off upon me, I will just put it off upon somebody else. Maybe it will keep going the rounds, or somebody will lose it that can better afford it than I can."

It certainly was a wrong conclusion; but it was a bewilderment of the reasoning powers in the mind of an ignorant man, and did not involve wickedness of intention. He passed the money, and was soon after arrested for fogery. He told his story plainly, but, as he admitted that he knew the money was counterfeit when he passed it, the legal construction of his crime was forgery in the second degree. He had passed three bills, and had the penalty of the law been enforced with its utmost rigor, he might have been sentenced to the State Prison for fifteen years; but appearances were so much in his favor, that the court sentenced him but for five years.

Five years taken away from the young life of a laboring man, spent in silent toil, in shame and sorrow for a blighted reputation, was indeed, a heavy penalty for confused notions of right and wrong, concerning bits of paper, stamped with a nominal value. But law, in its wisest and kindest administration, cannot always make nice distinctions between thoughtless errors and wilful crimes.

It is probable James never felt the degree of compunction, that it is supposed every convict ought to feel; for the idea was ever with him that if he had sinned against government, he did not mean to sin against God. That he had disgraced himself, he knew full well and felt most keenly. The thoughts of what Nora and his good old mother would suffer, if they could see him driven to hard labor with thieves and murderers, tore his soul with anguish. He could not bring his mind to write to them, or send them any tidings of his fate. He thought it was better that they should suppose him dead, than know of his disgrace.—Thus the weary months passed silently away. The laugh of his eye and the bound of his step were gone. Day by day he grew more disconsolate and stupid.

He had been in prison about four years, when one of the keepers told him that a young woman had come to visit him, and he had received permission to see her. He followed silently, wondering who it could be; and a moment after he was locked in his sister's arms. For some time nothing but sobs were audible. They looked mournfully in each other's faces, then fell on each other's necks and wept again.

"And so you knew me, *mavourneen?*" said Nora, at last, trying to smile through her tears.

"Know you!" he replied, folding her more closely to his breast. "*A cushla machree*, (7) and wouldn't I know your shadow on the wall in the darkest cellar they could put me in?—But who came wid you, *maaourneen?*"

"Troth, and it was alone I come. I run away in the night. I hope it wasn't wrong to lave the good father and mother when they had spoken agin my coming. I wouldn't like to do any thing displasing to God. But Jimmy, *machree*, my heart was breaking widin' widout you; and I couldn't lave you alone wid your great trouble. Sure it's long ago I would have been wid you, if you had let us know of your misfortin."

The poor fellow wept afresh at these assurances of his sister's affection. When he was calmer, he told her circumstantially how the great trouble had come upon him.

"God be praised for the words you spake," replied Nora. "It will take a load off of hearts at home, when they hear of the same. I always said there was no sin in your heart; for who should know that better, nor me, who slept in the same cradle? A blessing be wid you, *mavourneen*. The music's in my heart to hear the sound of your voice agin. And proud will I be out of you, as I used to be when all eyes, young and old, brightened on you in warm old Ireland."

"But Nora, *dheelish*' the disgrace is on me," said the young man, looking down. "They will say I am a convict."

"Sorra a fig I care for what they say," rereplied the warm hearted girl. "Don't I know the heart that is in you? Didn't I say there was no sin in your intintions, though you was shut up in this bad place? And if there had been—if the black murder had been widin you, is it Nora would be after laving you alone wid your sin and shame? Troth, I would weary the saints in heaven wid prayers, till they made you a better man, for the sake of your sister's love. But there *was* no sin in your heart; and proud I am of you, *a suillish machree*; (8) and bad luck to the rogue that brought you into all this trouble."

The keeper reminded them that the time allowed for their interview was nearly spent.

"You will come again?" said James, imploringly. "You will come to me again, *acushla machree?*"

"I had to beg hard to see you once," replied Nora. "They said it was agin the rules. But when I told them how I come alone across the big ocean to be wid you in your trouble, because I knew the heart that was in you, they said I might some in. It is a heavy sorrow that we cannot spake together. But it will be a comfort, *mavourneen*, to be where I can look on these stone walls. The kind man here they call the chaplin says I may stay wid his family, and sure not an hour in the day but I will think of you, *a villish*. (9) The same moon shines here that used to shine on us when they let you get a glimpse of her bright face, you can think maybe Nora is looking up at it, as she used to do when she was your own weeny darlint, wid the shammock and gowan in her hair. I will work and lay by money for you; and when you come out of this bad place it's Nora will stand by you; and proud will I be out of you, *a suillish machree*."

The young man smiled as he had not smiled for years. He kissed his sister tender, as he answered; "Ah, Nora, *mavourneen*, its yourself that was always too good to me.—God's blessing be wid you, *acushla machree*. It will go hard with me, but I will make some return for such goodness."

"And sure its no goodness at all," replied Nora. "Is it yourself would be after leaving me alone, and I in the great trouble? Hut, tut, Jimmy, avick. Sure it's nothing at all.—Any body would do it. Yau're as dacent and clever a lad as iver you was. Sing that to your heart, *mavourneen*. It's Nora will stand by you, all the world over."

With a smile that she meant should be a brave one, but with eyes streaming with tears, she bade her brother farewell. He embraced her with vehement tenderness, and with a deep sigh, returned to his silent labor. But the weight was taken off his heart, and his step was lighter; for

> "*Hope's* sunshine lingered on his prison wall,
> And *love* looked in upon his solitude."

Nora remained with the kind-hearted chaplin, ever watching the gloomy walls of Sing Sing. When her brother's term expired, she was at the prison door to welcome him, and lead him forth into the blessed sunshine and the free air. Rev. John Lucky, the chaplain, whose name will live in the greatful recollection of many a poor prisoner, received them into his house, cheered and strengthened their hearts by kind words and judicious counsel and sent them to the office of the Prison Association, No. 18 Pine street, New York. As James brought certificates of good conduct while in prison, the Association lent him tools, to be paid for if he should ever be able to do so, and recommended him to a worthy mechanic. At this place be would have remained, had not his employer needed a journeyman thoroughly versed in his trade. It is the policy at Sing Sing not to allow the prisoners to learn all the branches of any buisness, lest they should come into competition with mechanics out of prison. What James had been accustomed to do, he did with great industry and expertness; but he could not do all the mechanic required and was therefore kindly and honorably dismissed.

Had he been dishonest, he might have gone off with the tools; but he came to the office of the Associations, to ask whether they were willing he should keep them till he could obtain work elsewhere, and earn enough to pay for them. They of course, consented very cordially, and told him to remember that, so long as he behaved well, they would always be friends in need. His sister was with him like his shadow, and there earnest expressions of gratitude were truly affecting.

They are doing well, and doubtless will do well. May the blessing of our Father be with them. They are to of the kindest hearts and most transparent souls among that reverent, loving, confiding, but impulsive people, who, above all others, deserved to be called the little children of the nation.

1 Potatoes, 2 Cap. 3 Darling. 4 Sweet darling. 5 Sweet Virgin. 6 Pet of my heart. 7 Pulse of my heart. 8 Light of my heart.—9Dear.

The Newsboys.

"Ho! the Sun, Herald, Tribune, and True Sun—two for a cent: Express, Mirror, and Gazette—a cent apiece. Morning papers, two for a cent—Evening papers a cent a piece." "Extra Packet only one cent—Got the horrible murder and great fight."

Such were the cries, (the former uttered in a very plaintive tone,) kept up by two newsboys in front of our office late one night this week. Boy No. 1, it will be observed, was offering his wares for half price, or less, and considerable less than they cost him. Boy No. 2 was endeavoring to get off what would otherwise be dead stock.

Does any body ever think of the condition of these newsboys, thus dependant on an uncertain traffic for a living, at a time when they ought to be at school, or learning some trade or occupation by which they might earn a living through life? The business is of only a few years standing, and I have asked some of the older boys what they mean to do? They don't know.

I asked a couple of the younger ones if they would not like to be on a Farm? They shook their heads. Why not? "They use you too bad," was the reply. They had probably heard of cases where orphans from the House of Refuge had been bound out and maltreated; a fate by no means uncommon to the children of the poor.

These newsboys have established a monopoly among themselve. A boy who undertakes to sell papers without their permission, is persecuted in various ways, and his papers stolen or destroyed.

How are these boys to acquire the knowledge and character necessary to exercise the rights of citizenship? And how are they to get a living when they grow up? If society do not attend to these small matters, a day of retribution, of which the flour riots, engine rows, church burnings may afford a small foretaste, will surely come.—*Y. American.*

From the Herald of Freedom.

WAR.

The rumor is that poor Mexico is about declaring war with this great slave-catching Uncle Sam of ours. The probability is the U. S. have given her cause, as nations count causes. Mexico is weak, and would not probably go to war for no cause, or slight. It is petty cowardly in the United States to quarrel with a feeble party like Mexico. It may, however involve parties strong enough to make it honorable and glorious. It may involve England and France and all Christendom. For this part of the earth they name after Christ—"the Prince of Peace," is most given to fight, of any on it. They have been without a war on the Christian territory now for some time. "The God of battles" has lacked incense a number of years. He must have some. And the Governments of Europe, "ordained of Him," cannot safely forego wars much longer. Their people get too intelligent for good subjects, in too long a peace. They become reluctant tax-payers—and forgetful of authority. War is the remedy. The hand of Government grows strong and its arm muscular with the exercise of battle. Its necessity becomes apparent, and manifest. Large armies show the need of subordination and command.

Mexico is feeble. It may be however, that England, or France, or both may countenance her declaration of war. The North American Indians would be annoying, if they should chance to join her. The Slave may grow ressive, if he hears the sound of the drum, and is told it is because Mexico abolished slavery, that it beats. That his master is having war in defence of a new slave-market. If it should involve England—the black West Indians are awkwardly near Alabama and the Carolinas. Ten thousand sable troops from there might light down quite unawares, in some creek among the reeds. And if they should bring a gun apiece, for 50,000 stout fellows from the plantations—and put them in their hands, it would be hard making them give them up. In this hot weather, they would make dreadful work through the South. Yellow fever would make our Northern youth short-lived there, if sent to quell the insurgents.

But I cannot *speak of it.* If the Government have provoked poor Mexico to war, why she must be reduced. Love of country will unite the great parties. And as Mexico is Catholic, the clergy will all unite in prayer against her. And instead of re-taking Texas, she will lose herself. The striped, snake-skin flag will be carried and planted on the semi-barbarous domes of her Capital. We shall have a lot of new States asking for admission. That is, if Mexico has to fight the war alone, and England and France, and West Indies—and Indians and yellow fever, and ague, don't any of them come to her aid. The area of Freedom is widening.

The rich man has a perfect right to the biggest kind of a Castle, if he chooses to build one, and government should protect his possession; but the poor man has a right to as much ground for his Cottage, as the rich for his castle, and to the same protection. Teach this short lesson to your children, poor men, and it will be more valuable than diamonds to them.—*Y. American.*

Lines From the Poems of Prince.

The following lines from the poems of John Critchley Prince, the poor weaver-poet, will be admired for their melodious beauty, and the deep fervant spirit of sympathy for the sorrows of the race, the lively joyful hope and the earnest faithful trust in the goodness of the Creator, which they show to have dwelt in the breast of the poet and struggled for utterance. The history of Prince is highly interesting. Parke Godwin, Esq., has presented him to the American public for the first time, in a way to do justice to the genius of of the poet and the character of the man, by giving through the pages of the Present a sketch of his life, and selections from his writings, both in poetry and prose. In future numbers of the Phalanx we will avail ourselves of Mr. G.'s labors, and make our readers acquainted with this fine poet.—*Phalanx.*

Did God set his fountain of light in the skies,
That Man should look up with the tears is his eyes?
Did God make the earth so abundant and fair,
That Man should look down with a groan of despair?
Did God fill the world with harmonious life,
That Man should go forth with destruction and strife?
Did God scatter freedom o'er mountain and wave,
That Man should exist as a tyrant and slave?—
Away with so hopeless—so joyless a creed,
For the soul that believes it is darkened indeed

THE POOR.—The United States Journal says, that "an eminent Political Economist tells us that humanity, justice and sound policy equally require, that of all interests, those of the poor should always be the most consulted and the most constantly respected; by these, is meant those whose labor is every where the worst paid, viz., those who produce the necessaries of life. The poorest class is every-where the most numerous; and the greatest good of the greatest number should claim our first attention."

This is sound and uncontrovertible; and yet how very seldom it is acted upon, even in this, so called republican country! The whole history of our legislation affords scarcely a solitary instance where interests of the poor have been consulted by the framers of our laws. Most of our legislation has been to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer—most of our laws are made to benefit capital and rob labor of its just reward. Hence the clamor about the rights of property, copletely drowns the popular voice in behalf of the rights of man.—*Boston Investigator.*

From the Manchester Democrat.

A Dream.

"I had a dream which was not *all* a dream."

One night, when worn and weary I sunk to slumber, after thirteen hours of toil in the suffocating heat of a cotton mill, I fell into a feverish fitful sleep, and a vision of the day of Judgment passed before me. I was surprised to see that the children of men were often times arraigned in groups like criminals, whenever it appeared that their sins were of the same deep dye. A crowd of various mingled tongues and nations passed by to receive their sentences, and at last came the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. I noticed that the agents stood in front of the owners and seemed still to act as their agents and chief spokesmen. As they stood trembling before the supreme Judge of the world, methought that the following dialogue occurred:

JUDGE.—What were you doing on Sunday, the—day of—1844?

AGENT.—Attending church.

JUDGE.—But I am informed that you were blasting rocks.

AGENT.—Oh, ah, ye-yes-I, that is, we employed some common people to do that for us, I attended church *myself.*

JUDGE.—You must go below.

AGENT.—What apartment shall I take?

JUDGE.—About the centre of the pit.

After this case was disposed of, I was curious to see who would come next; and lo and behold it was a factory girl, whom I at once recognized as my old room-mate in the Stark mills.

JUDGE.—What were you doing on Sunday the—day of——1844?

GIRL.—I attended church in the morning and in the afternoon rambled off into the woods.

JUDGE.—How came you to ramble in the woods on Sunday?

GIRL.—I had no time on week days.

JUDGE.—How many hours, did you work each day in the Stark mills?

GIRL.—Thirteen.

JUDGE.—How much time had you for meals?

GIRL.—One hour and a quarter—sometimes less.

JUDGE.—This makes fourteen and a quarter which deducted from twenty-four, leaves nine and three quarters. How much time had you for relaxation, religious and moral instruction reading, social visiting, and intercourse with your family?

GIRL.—Only what I stole from my sleep; and I was so tired at night that I had to retire immediately to rest.

JUDGE.—You may go to Heaven.

GIRL.—What seat shall I take?

JUDGE.—Any of the upper seats that you like.

THAT *OTHER* FACTORY GIRL.

Women is the last most perfect work of God. *Ladies* are the productions of silkworms, milliners and dressing maids.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

What We Labor for.—The abolition of idleness want and oppression; the prevalence of industry, virtue and intelligence.

Fitchburg, Thursday, September 11, 1845.

Practical Operations.

Theory is of much importance, but without practice, it is of very little avail. Now the Workingmen of New England, have before them a great problem—they have studied, examined, investigated and theorized;—yes they have solved it—that *God never created a slave*; that *all men* by nature, are *heirs to freedom*—freedom of body and mind; consequently entitled to the natural enjoyment and voluntary disposal of the products of their physical and mental labor. Society does not recognize this great and vital truth, or refuses to *practically acknowledge* it; hence we have slavery, oppression, want and misery. Labor is despoiled of its dignity and the laborer robbed, degraded and made a beggar. To reform this disastrous and unnatural state of things, and make practical the cardinal principles of "equal rights," justice and mutual interests; and introduce a now state of society, in which Labor shall be respected and rewarded, and the laborer ennobled and made happy, requires no little amount of energy, moral courage and self sacrifice; and he who steps out to reform the present system of labor cannot expect to glide smoothly along in the sunshine of popular favor, praised and applauded by the falsely named wise and great, lay upon beds of down or live in ease and inactivity. Every workingman who feels an interest in the present movement among the friends of labor reform, should be active, vigilant and industrious. There is much to be done, a great work is before us, many obstacles to surmount and numerons long standing and deep rooted customs and inveteracies to encounter. The first and most important measure towards a permanent and successful reform in, our present system of labor is

AN INTELLIGENT AND COMPREHENSIVE ORGANIZATION

among the producing classes. Let *Associations* be formed in every town, city and village throughout New England; and shame on the man or woman who would refuse to join, lest their *popularity* should be impeached, and they receive the *very vulgar* opprobrium of "*Laborers*" or friends and associates of the "*working people*"—*Shocking!* Such people are unworthy the name of *men* and *women* and should receive the just contempt of every honest and high minded toiler. It is of the utmost importance that the working classes unite together—not to rob, plunder or wrong any man or class of men; but to assert their self-evident and acknowledged rights, and peaceably remove the oppressive burdens which unjust laws superstition, ambition and ignorance have brought upon them. Workingmen's meetings should be held in all parts of the country, and all questions touching the welfare of the laboring population and the elevation of mankind, openly, freely and plainly discussed. Let not the love of false praise, flattery and *pretended sympathy* deter any from giving their influence and cheerful support to the cause of human rights. Many there are, who would gladly destroy and overthrow the cause in which we are engaged, by their hollow hearted demagogueism and hypocritical encomiums upon the virtue, intelligence and exalted condition of the American operatives and working classes—heed them not, our word for it, they are political aspirants, social aristocrats, mercenary tyrants, or those who are willing to do their bidding and be their slaves for the "crumbs that fall from their master's table." Our *voice* warns you to beware of such "wolves in sheeps clothing"—let them not inveigle you into the delusive idea, that all is well, while *they are fleecing* the product of your honest toil and faithful industry, upon which they live in vicious excess. We say to the workingmen of New England, come up to the rescue! Justice says come, humanity says come, your own best good and the well-being of posterity demands your immediate attention. Let us unite into one strong, active and united band of brothers—friends to virtue, goodness and the violated rights of mankind every where and under all circumstances; and uncompromising enemies to oppression of every form and in every clime. *The working* classes of New England demand a REFORM and their *voices* will not cease until it is accomplished. There are several well matured and concerted measures, which require their united and harmonious action. The working men of New England demand

A REDUCTION IN THE EXPENSES OF OUR NATIONAL GOVERNMENT,

to a just and relative proportion with the usual wages of the common laborer. They demand

A REDUCTION OF THE HOURS OF LABOR IN OUR MANUFACTORIES,

and the right to mutual contract, between the employer and the employed, which the present system of manufacturing virtually abrogates. They demand

A PROTECTIVE LIEN LAW

that shall guard the rights of many of our hard working mechanics, against the fraudulent cupidity of unprincipled "Jobbers."

They demand

THE ABOLITION OF THE "ORDER SYSTEM"

which is swindling the laboring out of their scanty wages, to fill the coffers of speculation and mercantile exchanges—and many other measures are now ripe for honest, intelligent and united action. Hence we urge the working-men and women, to *organize* without delay; that our theories may practically tell upon the physical, mental and moral condition of our race.

For the Voice of Industry.

Remarks on the object of the "Voice."—No 1.

'WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—*The abolition of Idleness.*

Noble object! The fields are white already for the harvest. Idleness has already become a monster in the earth; and but for the *industrious,* would bring its devoted subjects to a 'morsel of bread.' Then the industrious are indirectly the supporters of that abominable evil, which, if practiced, renders its practitioner dependant upon his neighbor. Yes, the idle man lives upon the hard earnings of the poor laborer.

If the laborer would not work, the idle must or starve. And hence to shield the poor laborer from an unrighteous tax 'grievous to be borne,' it was wisely decreed in the scriptures of old—'If a man will not work, *neither shall he eat.*'

The laborer, though guilty of violating this heavenly impules to activity and usefulness, by feeding the idle, still is not equally guilty with his opulent *pensioner* or temporal lord, who has broken both the commands to obtain his bread by the 'sweat of his brow,' and to *abstain from eating* when he *abstains from working.*

Laborers, it is for you to say whether idleness shall continue to dwell in your midst.—They only have a right to be idle who cannot labor. The sick and the lame, the maimed, halt and the blind—these are objects of charity. The healthy, robust and able, continually idle, it is sinful to feed. Then lift *higher* and swell *louder* your 'VOICE' till the idler trembles and idleness dies.

NO. II.

'WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—*The abolition of Want.*'

'Voice', your cause is a good one. God labors for this—the *abolition of want.*' 'He openeth his hand and satisfieth the desires (wants) of every living thing.'—Not the artificial wants, but such as he originates. He makes provision for the natural wants of all his children—not directly, now, as in the days gone by when he withdrew the windows of heaven and the wilderness became a table of manna; but through the instrumentality of his *faithful to labor.* Thus God provides a plenty.—Albeit, the *aristocracy* claims the honor of dividing. Hence *want* reigns around—ragged the laborer, and breadless and naked his family.

The aristocracy divides!! No wonder there is *want.*

Laborers, your employers must have their '*luxuries*'—it is folly to talk of *equality* to the proud and the haughty, your temporal lords. But away with such lords—'there is bread enough and to spare,'—why do ye 'perish with hunger.'

It is for the *wanting* to day whether *want* shall abound. Then lift *higher* and swell *louder* your 'VOICE,' till the pampering haughty are brought to a *level* with thee, and thou aboundest with the fat of the land.

NO. III.

'WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—*The abolition of Oppression.*'

"Voice," for this, the Savior came; for this, he suffered; for this, he *labored*; for this, he died and rose again. To relieve the oppressed is, therefore *christian*—is the cause of God, of Christ and humanity.—Goodness and justice demand it,—so also does *reason,* the handmaid of Heaven. 'Come now let us *reason* together, saith the Lord,—Wash you, make you clean: your hands are full of blood: put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgement, *relieve the oppressed,* judge the fatherless, plead for the widow; and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'

'To improve the condition of the least fortunate laboring classes, is *inevitably infidel,* and can't be anything else,' says the editor of the N. Y. Tribune. But what affinity hath this reasoning with the reasoning of the Almighty, as above noticed? Will the editor please compare notes; and having discovered his error, 'wash and be clean'—relieve the *oppressed,* judge the fatherless, plead for the widow; for these are among the least fortunate of the laboring classes.

The abolition of oppression demands the united energies of a christian people. And surely the oppressed themselves should not tamely submit to their chains. It is for the oppressed to say whether oppression shall continue in the land of the freeborn. Then lift *higher* and swell *louder* your 'VOICE,' till oppression shall cease and the oppressed go free.

Chelmsford, Ms. INDUSTRY.

HOUSE STRUCK.—A large two story dwelling house of Isaac Riddle, Esq., in Bedford, was struck recently by lightning. The fluid passed down the chimney and rent it completely from top to bottom, destroying the greater portion of the east end of the building. A man, his wife and child, who were sitting near the fire-place, were uninjured, although a cat lying at the woman's feet, was struck dead, the hair being entirely stripped off from her. The escape of the family was wonderful.

☞ The author of the following extract will pardon us for bringing it before the public without special permission. The tone and sentiments are so correct, that we take the liberty, feeling that it might stimulate other sympathizing minds to do likewise.

Manchester, Sept. 6, 1845.

MR. EDITOR.—I am a working-man, and as such, am willing to do all I can for the support of such papers, as advocate the working man's rights. I have seen several numbers of your paper, and like its contents and the spirit with which it is conducted. It is a subject in which I am deeply interested—it has been my study for many years, and it should interest every man; yet how few there are in our ranks, that are sensible that they have any rights, or that ever bestow a thought on the subject. Strange indeed that the producers of all the wealth, should suffer themselves to be thus down-trodden, and but a solitary "VOICE" raised against it. I have done all that I could sustain the "Laborer" (published by Mr. Cox) by obtaining subscribers &c. And I regret that the working men cannot, or will not lift up a united Voice that must and shall be heard. If aught is ever done to ameliorate the condition of the toil worn laborer, it must be through the medium of the Press. The Pulpit could do much, but the clergy are ever enemies to reform; but public meetings can be held, Lectures and Addresses given to call attention of people to the subject. Would to Heaven I could speak and write all that I think, and feel, on the rights of Humanity—cheerfully would I wear out myself in the cause, for I know from sad experience, what it is to toil incessently for a bare subsistance.

Fifteen years have I labored for a corporation, and with rigid economy can little more than live; as my health from constant toil and confinement is consequently poor.

Cannot Congress* be called in, to act on the subject of the hours of labor? I think the next Congress will be friendly, and if petitions were carried in something might be done.—For myself I look to *Associated* Industry, as the only alternative for the crying evils of the day, yet a reduction of the hours of labor, would do much towards lessening our burden.

---

*We have but little hopes of Congress doing any thing to abolish white slavery at the North, so long as her Capital is stained with the blood of suffering negroes

---

We find the following paragraph going the rounds of the papers:

"FACTORY GIRLS' SAVINGS.—It is stated that the amount of money deposited by female operatives in the Lowell Savings Bank, is equal to *twelve hundred and fifty dollars* for every factory girl in the place. Some of them have saved two thousand dollars each! the interest of which would yield a handsome support."

A more barefaced and foolish lie—an emanation from a knave or a fool—never before appeared in the public papers. Now look at the facts. There are employed in the Lowell factories, (incorporated mills,) 6, 320 girls.—Perhaps we may say, in all the manufactories in Lowell there are 7,000 females. Seven thousand multiplied by twelve hundred and fifty gives $8,750,000; or within about two millions of the whole incorporated capital of Lowell! This, then, must be the gross amount on deposite by the factory girls of Lowell. On the 30th of April last, a statement of the Treasurer of the Lowell Savings Institution was published in most of the papers of this city—By this statement it appears that there are 4079 depositors, and that the whole amount deposited is $674,624 82; or the small sum of $8,075, 317 18 LESS than the amount above reported to be on deposite by the factory girls of Lowell. Nor should it be forgotten either; that of the money deposited in the Lowell Savings Bank, perhaps one half is deposited by male operatives in the mills, and by mechanics, laborers, &c., out of the mills.

We respect the Lowell factory girls. They are generally females of exemplary character. Few of them are natives of our city. They come from distant towns, and from neighboring states. They have brought with them the virtues, the economies and the industrious habits of the county farm house. In their present employment we sincerely sympathize with them. Their task is a hard one, and they need no false sympathy—no quandam friendship. By such they are injured and debased. It is the tendency of such articles as we have quoted above to do this. None but a person interested in procuring a surplus of help—which must inevitably break down the wages of labor—could have been the instrument of putting it forth in its present form.—Nor is this the only article of the same character that has been published respecting the profits of factory labor. In one instance a story got into the papers of a woman who had laid up in a given time, about three thousand dollars by factory labor. The story was false in more instances than one. In the first place the female had not laid by more than half the amount stated, and about half of this sum it has been strongly suspected, was obtained as hush money of a prominent factory man, who had been intimate with her, and who was the father of her "boy now living in the country." We do not object to the publication of facts. Let them come. No one will be injured by them. But falsehoods injure the whole community, and it is the duty of honest men to correct them.—*Vox Populi.*

Labor in New York:

ITS CIRCUMSTANCES, CONDITIONS AND REWARDS.

NO IV.

The Bookbinders, as a class, are perhaps one of the most contented, respectable and industrious Trades in the city. The number of those employed in the respectable establishments is about 700, and they earn on the average from $8 to $9 per week. Perhaps one half of them are engaged by the week, and the others by the piece. The regular price per week, is $8—though some get $8 50 or $9.—They work ten hours a day. The piece-workers have a greater range of prices, though the average, except for extra workers, is about the same. Some journeymen have great skill and industry, and average as high as $15 per week. We could mention a man who makes, whenever he chooses, $20 per week.

A majority of the Journeymen Binders are Americans, and the proportion of foreigners is probably smaller than of any other trade. Those educated in this country work indiscriminately at Forwarding and Finishing; but the English workmen understand only a single branch—Forwarding, Marbling, Gilding, Stamping or Finishing. Spending the whole of their apprenticeship thus on a single branch they become very neat workers, but not swift. They don't seem to get into the way of driving business like the Americans. There are a few Germans engaged in the business—and, so far as we can ascertain, but one Irishman.

The prices paid for piece-work of course vary with the different size, style, &c. &c. of the book to be bound—so that a full list of prices would occupy too much room. The prices for the most usual kinds of work are as follows:

For 18s. and 12. in skivers out of boards, $1 50 or $2 for Forwarding, and the same for Finishing.

Sheep, 8vos. cut in boards, (such as Law Books, &c.) $5 per hundred for Forwarding, and from $3 to $4 for Finishing.

Calf sewed on vellum, 20 cents per volume; Gilt edge, 24 cents; Morocco, 34. Extra work, however, is generally done by the week, and is paid from $10 to $15.

Although we say that American-bred Journeymen work indiscriminately at Forwarding and Finishing, yet these two branches are carried on separately and by two setts of hands. The number of Forwarders is about twice that of the Finishers. Many establishments send their work out to be lettered and gilded. The ornamental borders on the covers of books, whether leather or muslin, are done by machinery. This process is called Stamping.

The Journeymen Bookbinders generally have constant and full employment (those we mean who hold regular situations) from September to January and from March to July, the two 'seasons' in all business connected with Book-Making. In the intervals work is slack.

The Bookbinders have a Society incorporated by the Legislature in 1839, under the title of the 'New-York Benevolent Association of Bookbinders.' It is simply a benevolent institution, and has nothing to do with regulating prices, hours, &c. &c. 'The Bookbinders' Union,' however, has been instituted for these purposes, and many of the Journeymen have already become members.

As in the case of the folders and sewers, there are several establishments in the City where business is conducted upon any thing but honorable principles. The proprietors go round to the publishers and solicit work at half price, employ 'rats' at $3 and $4 per week, and turn out, of course, miserable work. Some of them do not pay their workmen at all, and when they become clamorous for their money, discharge them and hire a new set. There are employers who have practised this system for years, not only with the men but the women employed by them. The latter have been indeed infamously imposed upon in this way, and we have been told of cases where even respectable aged females when importuning for their little earnings have been repulsed and driven away with violence.

The Folders and Sewers, too, employed in these establishments are wronged in the most unprincipled manner. They are in the first place as apprentices, and are told that they must work six weeks for nothing—after which they will be Journeywomen, and entitled to full prices. Well—they work patiently six week and are then—*discharged* to make room for a new batch of apprentices, who are taken in and done for on the same terms! Probably one good worker is permanently retained to instruct the new recruits.

The girls employed in the respectable establishments are for the most part much more comfortable and contented. Those among them who are industrious generally get along very well, and deserve the greatest credit for maintaining themselves by their work, and supporting a good name and reputation. Instances are not unfrequent where they find time, in the intervals of labor, to enrich their minds by the acquisition of solid and useful knowledge, and fit themselves for becoming happy wives and mothers. We can recall an instance of an old and wealthy gentleman, long one of the most influential citizens of the Capital of our State, who years ago married a Folder and Sewer in his own establishment, and found that she graced the station in which she was placed. In painting a true picture there must of course be strong lights as well as heavy shadows. Our object is to distort nothing, to conceal nothing,—but to present every thing as it is.

*.*In regard to the statement in Wednesday's Express, we can only say that the facts we published are indisputable and can be proven. If the authors of that statement pay *their* girls $5 and $6 per week we are glad of it, and would have published their card to this effec with pleasure. As it is, we cheerfully record their declaration, and express the hope that other Cap Making establishments will follow their example.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Professor of the *Sentinel*, has really defined his position, and declares himself to be "*a thorough going moral suasionist—a thorough going legal suasionist*"—and in favor of all sorts of *suasions*, which being interpreted means, that he is *any thing* or *nothing* just as his narrow minded selfishness dictates. It shows a remarkable degree of philosophy and knowledge of human nature, to hear men advocate "legal and moral suasion for the drunkard maker," and "moral suasion *alone* for the drunkard," while a large proportion of the sellers are drunkards and consequently drunkard makers. We suppose however the Professor's *large and liberal ideas* can comprehend all this and infinitely more. The low lived cant at the "crupper-stitcher," (Queen's English safe) unfortunately for the Sentinel, clearly betrays all that we have suspected of the source from which it came, and conclusively proves the "*man of decency*" to be the willing tool of a *petty aristocracy*, who would have people believe, that the world was created for their especial purposes; and that an honest industrious working-man has no right to speak, and walk the streets erect, without their permission. A man who will thus hang on to the skirts of aristocracy, and suffer himself to be made their spaniel—ready to bark at every bidding, slur an honorable vocation, and those who follow it, and all other dirty work, for a few heartless smiles and paltry favors; is engaged in a business that every honest and free thinking man will despise.

The whole course of the *Sentinel*, has been characteristic of a high toned, generous, refined and literary mind; and we are not surprised to find the talented sheet interested in temperance, good order, and the cause of general education, especially the common schools—and by the way, we have another "rare specimen" for the "Literary and scientific department" which we trust will be acceptable.

"Probably there was never more than one idea entered his head.—*Sentinel.*

Was entered his head. (Murray outdone.)

Those individuals who are quite anxious to learn whether we have any business but our editorial duties, will please call at the carriage establishment on Central street, where they will usually find the "crupper-stitcher" with his apron on ready to give them all necessary information. We do not edit the Voice of Industry for the sake of ease or profit, for we get neither, and have never expected them, but because we feel an interest—a self-sacrificing interest in the welfare of our fellow laborers and our common humanity, and are willing to do what our limited circumstances and humble abilities will allow—knowing at the same time that he who raises his voice against oppression and wrong in all places, and rebukes faithfully and impartially, the popular evils of the day, receives little else than the swill of society, seasoned with scorn and contempt of fools.

Cassius M. Clay. We learn with pleasure by the following letter, which appears in the Voice of Freedom, that Mr Clay is recovering, but the impression it conveys that his paper is not to be continued we trust time will dissipate. But let Mr Clay recover his health first of all. [Tribune.

Lexington Aug. 22, 1845.

Dear Sir—Your long and interesting letter has been recieved. Before the receipt of this you will probably have heard that the True American Office was on Monday last, mobbed by the minions of the slave power. Your remittance of $2 is therefore returned. Mr Clay is not at home, having just risen from a spell of severe sickness of a month's continuance and gone to the Springs. When the violence was committed upon his office, he was completely prostrate.

Respectfully,
W. L. NEALE, Pub. T. American.

Lands in the neighborhood of Montreal are rapidly rising in value.—*True Sun.*

Will the "lands" yield more corn and cabbages than formerly? Or is it that, as the numbers of the landless increase, the Land-Lords are enabled to exact more tribute in the shape of rent?—*Y. American.*

Butchery!—By accounts published in the Albany Freeholder, it appears that the Delaware posse have shot two persons in Schoharie county, N. S. Peasley and Jaffrey W. Champlin, the former of whom, it is supposed, is mortally wounded.

A man was recently sentenced to imprisonment in Missouri, for being drunk. On his way to prison the sheriff got drunk, and the man escaped.

Rev. J. H. Fairchild has been invited to, and has accepted the Pastoral charge of the new organized Orthodox Church at South Boston.

Victims to Landlordism.—Two men were killed, and three badly wounded, by the falling of the chimney of an old building which they were pulling down, between our office and Tammany Hall, on Wednesday. They were undermining a chimney, to save the trouble of taking it down piecemeal, and if they had not choosed to risk their lives at the work, there were plenty of other slaves of wages who would. They are as plenty as ants, and the next morning as many more were at the same work. The Patriot says that a fop, on being informed of the nature of the accident, exclaimed *Oh! ah! It's only a laborer!* on which; Mike Walsh, who happened to be standing by, delivered a capital lecture to the by-standers by kicking the fellow into the fallen rubbish.—*America.*

Old Heads for Counsel.—A gentleman who left Washington recently informs us that Gen. Gaines begins to be looked on as *non compos mentis.* He has written to the President for a hundred battalions, with which he promises to plant the American flag in the capital of the Montezumas, it is said that the Prisident has a kind feeling for the old man, respects his patriotism, and remembers the service of his younger days, and hence is not inclined to be harsh with him. Gen. Gaines is regarded in a military point of view, much as Mr. Ritchie is in an editorial. They are both energetic young fellows of seventy, with more bravery than discretion, more zeal than judgment. Our informant says he hopes these Napoleons of the sword and quill may not lead the administration into a quagmire. Indeed it may be well if the former has not already done so.—*N. Y. Paper.*

"The Voice man backs out of his statement in regard to the burrial of Lang, and *half* acknowledges that it was not true. There was probably some very strong inducements to such a course."—*Sentinel.*

The "very strong inducements," was our strict regard for justice and truth, having no wish to misrepresent or give false impressions. And we shall ever deem it greater pleasure to correct an error, than to speak of the errors of others—This was our *only* inducement.

☞The New-Yorker has revived and is before us, published by Greeley & McElrath. The announcement of the name of its publishers is a sufficient guarantee to ensure an able and talented literary sheet. Terms *one* dollar—very cheap.

☞The Sentence of Orin DeWolf has been commuted to imprisonment for life. We are rejoiced to hear this, but did petitioning *change justice in this case?*—how long will men dare violate the decree of their maker?

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

All those who wish to transact business with our Association, are informed that Mr. Sanford Sawyer, has been chosen Treasurer, in place of Samuel Walton resigned, and is the only authorized Agent, to receipt for Subscriptions of stock, and attend to the general business of the concern.

NOTICE.

THE LABORERS' UNION ASSOCIATION, at South Boston, holds its regular meetings every Thursday Evening, at the "Bank Hall," on 4th street, near the "South free bridge," and all who feel interested in the welfare of the producing classes, are cordially invited to attend.

The Library, is open every Saturday Evening for the delivery of books.

Subscriptions to the Libray $2,00 a year, for Gentlemen, one dollar, for Ladies. A relief fund is also attached to the Association, for relief of sick and destitute members.

NOTICE.

☞The Industrial Reform Association of Lowell, hold their meetings on Monday Evening of each week, at 8 o'clock, at 76, Corner of Central and Hurd Streets, and all who feel interested in the welfare of the producing classes, are cordially invited to attend.

Per Order
Lowell, Aug. 28. JOHN SAWTELL, Sec'y.

MARRIAGS.

In New York City, Aug. 29 Lieut. Samuel Bentley to Miss Mary Irene Thompson, both of Lowell.

In Lowell, Sept. 2d, in the 1st Unitarian Church, by the Rev Mr Miles, Rev E. J. Carry, of Athol, Mass. to Miss Sophia J. Goodwin, of Lowell.

In Nashua, on 13th ult., Mr Nathaniel C. Fowler of Boston, to Miss L. Emeline Dodge of Nashua.

In Winchendon, Aug 28. by Rev. Mr. Marvin, Mr. E. C. Bartlett, of Ashburnham, to Miss Maria Farrar of W.

In Worcester, Mr Daniel F. Fellows to Miss Jane B. Waters, both of Worcester.

In South Royalston, Mr Edmund Stockwell, to Mrs. Laura G. Townsend, all of S. R.

DEATHS.

In Nashua, August 27th, Mrs Caroline S. Russell, aged 29, wife of E. S. Russell and daugter of Ephraim Goss, late of Amherst.

In Pepperell, July 25, Maria Elvira, youngest child of William E. and Lucinda M. Mansur, of Lowell, aged 17 months and 26 days.

Sleep! Sleep! thou lovely child—
May naught invade thy rest;
Blow gentle breezes, soft and mild,
O'er thy unspotted breast.

In Lunenburg, Aug. 16, Ebenezer Jones, aged 47.

In Worcester, Aug. 25, at the State Lunatic Hospital Oliver Parsons Esq., of Salem, aged 60.

Tailoresses Wanted.

25 *FIRST Rate COAT MAKERS,*
10 do do Pantloons and Vests do.
Enquire of the undersigned at the Sign of the *BIG PANTS, (near the Depot.)*
Fitchburg, sept 11. R. T. BARTLETT.

BRONCHIAL COMFIT; a celebrated remedy for coughs, colds, influenza, &c. For sale at SHEPLEY'S. n1tf.

To the Ladies.

A NEW and SPLENDID ESTABLISHMENT of
Millenary Goods,
such as BONNETS, of PLAIN FLORENCE, FANCY STRAWS, RUTLAND, SILK VELVET &c.
RIBBONS of every style, FLOWERS! TABS; CAPS &c.
All kinds of MILLENARY WORK done in the best style at short notice.

—ALSO—

REPAIRING and PRESSING done in a satisfactory manner, both for Milleners and all who may favor us with their custom

Soils which Bonnets are subject to, from sweat entirely removed.

ALSO—An Establishment for LADIES' DRESS MAKING in the best style and satisfactory manner.
ENTRANCE through PRATT & HUNT'S STORE, to the Millenary and Dress Making Rooms.

☞The above noticed Millenary and Dress Making Rooms will be opened September 22, 1845.

Something New.

A FEW doors west of the *New Hotel* near the RAIL ROAD DEPOT, at the Sign of the big PANTS, is situated the Fitchburg
CLOTHING WARE HOUSE,
where may be found in great abundance the followin articles, viz:
SUMMER CLOTHING, OF ALL KINDS.
Also—DRESS COATS and a great variety of thick PANTALOONS of super Doeskin Blue Black, Cassimeres and Statinetts.
BOOTS of all descriptions, Sizes and Prices. A large assortment of **Ladies' Misses'** and **Childrens' SHOES.**
Also—an extensive assortment of
PAPER HANGINGS,
at prices which cannot fail to suit.
Paper and Transparent Window Curtains, this day received, together with a very large assortment of OIL CLOTH CURTAINS, at prices adapted to every one who may wish for the article.
W. HINDS.
Fitchburg June, 1845. n5tf.

Book and Job Printing,
neatly executed at the
Voice of Industry Office, No. 11, Snow's Block

HANDBILLS,	BOOKS,
SHOWBILLS,	PAMPHLETS,
SHOPBILLS,	CATALOGUES,
SHOEBILLS,	JUSTICE'S BLANKS,
LABELS,	BALL TICKETS,
TAXBILLS,	CARDS,
WAYBILLS,	CIRCULARS,

and every variety of
LETTER PRESS PRINTING,
With entirely new Materials, and on the most reasonable Terms.

Carpets! Carpets!!

SUPER Ingrain, Venitian and Kiderminster, Fine and Superfine CARPETINGS.
Also 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4 STRAW and PAINTED Carpetings, COTTON & WOOL DRUGETTS.
—ALSO—
A general assortment of CHEAP Carpeting all for sale at the LOWEST prices for cash, by
Fitchburg, Sept. 1845. PRATT & HUNT.

LOW FARE AND TIME ALTERED.

FITCHBURG & BOSTON
ACCOMMODATION STAGE.

ON and after June 2d, the *Old accommodation Stage* will run as follows:

Leaves Fitchburg Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 6 o'clock, A. M., passing through Leominster, Lancaster, New Boston, Bolton, Stow, N. Sudbury, Lincoln, Weston, Waltham, Watertown, Cambridgeport to Boston, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Leaves Doolittle's General Stage Office, City Tavern, Brattle Street, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., Passing through Cambridgeport, Watertown, Waltham, Weston, Lincoln, North Sudbury, Stow, Bolton, New Boston, (in Lancaster,) Lancaster Centre, Leominster, to Fitchburg, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

Fare Through—One Dollar.
J. A. WHITCOMB, Driver.

☞The above Line will intersect with Stages running through Westminster Gardner, Templeton to Athol. Also, with a line passing through Ashburnham to Winchenden.
Fitchburg, a28, n14tf.

Old Stand! New Firm!!

PRATT & HUNT,

SUCCESSORS to B. SNOW, Jr., would Respectfully inform the inhabitants of Fitchburg and Vicinity, that they have taken the well known STAND formerly occupied by MR. SNOW, and would invite the attention of purchasers to their New, and Extensive Stock of
Foreign & Domestic Dry Goods!!
CARPETINGS and FEATHERS which have been bought under the most advantageous circumstances for Cash! within the past ten days, comprising upwards of 75 CASES and Packages of entirely new GOODS, making altogether the largest and most desirable assortment of
DRY GOODS AND CARPETINGS!
ever before offered in Fitchburg or Vicinity, and they feel confident in assuring the Public they will find it much to their advantage to call and examine their Stock before purchasing.

☞All our sales will be for cash! consequently bargains may be expected.
Fitchburg, Sept. 3, 1845. PRATT & HUNT.

Notice!

THE Subscriber having sold out his Stock in trade, and leased his Store to Messrs. PRATT & HUNT, would request all Persons having unsettled accounts with him, or with the late firm of HASKELL & SNOW, to call at the Store of said Pratt & Hunt, where he will be for a few weeks to attend to the settlement of the same.
Fitchburg, Sept 3, 1845. B. SNOW, Jr.

FITCHBURG ACADEMY.

THE FALL TERM of this INSTITUTION, will commence on WEDNESDAY, the 3d of SEPTEMBER next, and continue Eleven weeks.

MISS LUCY BROWN and MISS MARY E. SHELDEN, will assist in the Female Department.

Tuition.

Common English Branches,	$3,00
Higher English do.	4,00
Languages,	5,00

BOARD in good families on reasonable terms. A few scholars can be accommodated with rooms to board themselves.

For particulars see hand-bills, or refer to
J. R. GAUT, Principal.
Fitchburg, Aug. 7, 1845.

Feathers.

6000 LBS. of LIVE GEESE Feathers at the LOW PRICES of 26, 28, 2s. and 38 cts. per lb. by PRATT & HUNT.
Fitchburg, Sept. 1845.

DAGUERREOTYPE MINIATURES,
Taken by E. Goddard.
At Rooms, in Torrey & Wood's New Block.
LADIES and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine specimens.
Patronage respectfully solicited.
Fitchburg, July 24, 1845.

PROSPECTUS
For Reviving and Publishing a Weekly Paper entitled
THE NEW-YORKER.

THE NEW-YORKER, a Weekly Journal of Literature and General Intelligence, was established by the present Editor of THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE in March, 1834, and discontinued, or rather merged, on the establishment of the Weekly Tribune, in September, 1841 after having been published just seven years and a half. Having now ample and able Literary assistance, and having recently extended and perfected our Mechanical arrangements, we propose to revive and re-issue it on and after the 1st of October, 1845, on a sheet slightly differing in size or character from the old New-Yorker, but at a much lower price.

The plan of this paper will combine—

1. ORIGINAL LITERATURE—Reviews, Poems, etc.
2. SELECT, LITERATURE—Tales, Sketches, extracts from new Books, etc.
3. MISCELLANY—Letters from Europe and different parts of our own Country, Statistics, Anecdotes &c.
4. HINTS ON DOMESTIC ECONOMY—Agriculture, Inventions, Recipes, &c.
5. GENERAL INTELLIGENCE—Foreign and Domestic, including Political events, Proceedings of Congress, &c. &c.

This last department will be carefully prepared, and will be as ample and varied as that of any other Weekly paper whatever. The extensive correspondence and other facilities for obtaining information which we have been years engaged in concentrating on the Daily and Weekly Tribune, will enable us to present early and authentic accounts of all transpiring events through this our cheaper Weekly, from which Political essays and all matter of a partisan character will be carefully excluded. In fine, The New-Yorker will be simply and truly a Family Newspaper, of moderate size and of the lowest possible price, intended for such readers as either dislike Political discussion or prefer to obtain this portion of their intellectual aliment through the gazettes of their respective localities. We intend that no matter to which rational men of any Political, Religious or other persuations can object shall appear in this, though a large portion of its contents will appear also in the Weekly Tribune.

THE NEW-YORKER will be published every Saturday morning, but printed and mailed on Thursday and Friday, so as to reach as many of its patrons as possible before the Sunday rest of the Mails. It will be printed on a sheet of fine white paper, identical in size and quality, with that of the Daily and Semi-Weekly Tribune, (of which this is a specimen,) and afforded to subscribers at the low price of ONE DOLLAR a year, payable always in advance.

Twelve copies will be sent a year for Ten Dollars, or *Twenty-five* copies for Twenty Dollars. Subscriptions are respectfully solicited by

GREELEY & McELRATH
158 *Nassau-street, New-York.*
August 16th, 1845.

SCHOOL RECORD.—S. & C. SHEPLEY, FITCHBURG, have published and offer for sale a School Record for the use of teachers. Provisions are made in this record for entering the NAME of each scholar, and the presence, absence, or tardiness for each half day.—Also, the character of his recitations and deportment.
Fitchburg, May 1845. n1tf

Dr. L. Adams,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Fitchburg Mass.
OFFICE IN SNOW'S BRICK BLOCK, MAIN ST.
☞All operations warranted.

S. & C. SHEPLEY,
DEALERS IN
Books, Stationery & Cheap Publications,
At Torrey & Wood's new Block.

HENRY J. LOWE,
DEALER IN
GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,
RICH JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, &c., &c.
☞Repairing done in the best manner, at short notice Fitchburg, Mass.

E. F. BAILEY,
Bookbinder, Stationer & Bookseller,
No. 6, MERCHANT'S ROW,
Fitchburg, Mass.

HOWARD'S
Fashionable Hairdressing & Shaving Saloon,
IN WOOD & TORREY'S BRICK BLOCK, MAIN ST.
Fitchburg, Mass.

WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER,
Published every Saturday
By Clement & Faxon,
No. 113 Main Street, Buffalo, New-York.

TERMS.—To Mail Subscribers $1,50 per annum, in advance. Four copies for $5,00. Eight copies for $8,00, and Eleven copies for $10,00. To city subscribers who receive their papers from the carrier, $2,00. Mail Subscribers will also be charged $2,00 if payment is not made in advance.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

All communications must be post paid in order to be taken from the Post Office.

BOOK STORE AND BINDERY.—E. F. BAILEY, would give notice to the inhabitants of Fitchburg and vicinity, that he has taken the Stand formerly occupied by P. A. Crocker, and now offers for sale a general assortment of School and Miscellaneous Books, and Stationery. Blank Books manufactured to order, and kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Old Books, Periodicals and Pamphlets, bound in every variety of style, and at short notice.

Paper ruled to any pattern.
Fitchburg, May, 1845. n1tf.

REMOVAL.—DR. ADAMS, SURGEON DENTIST, has taken rooms at No. 12, Snow's Brick Block, where he will be happy to wait upon all those who are in need of his services. He would also tender his sincere thanks to those who have bestowed upon him their favors, hopeing he shall merit a continuation of the same.

Teeth examined gratis, at the sign of the Golden Tooth.

☞All operations warranted to be equal to any by whomsoever performed.
Fitchburg, May, 1845. n1tf.

NEW BOOKS.—S. & C. SHEPLEY, have just received from New-York Trade Sale and other sources, a large quantity of School, Standard and Miscellaneous Books, which will be sold as low as at any other Book Store in Worcester County.
Fitchburg, May, 1845. n1tf

30 KEGS of superior Boston LEAF LARD, for sale by COLBURN & WALLACE.
Fitchburg May 29, 1845. n1tf.

Poetry.

For the Voice of Industry.

An Appeal to the Rich.

Be kind to the poor,
  For they your aid doth need,
Humble at your door;
  You see them stand and plead.
Ah! can you them deny,
  While indigent they are?
As you've the power to pacify,
  Assist their humble fare.

Be kind to the poor;
  If they had their due,
They would want nothing more,
  To be equal with you;
But the errors of fortune,
  Have made them complain;
But God grant the future,
  May mitigate their pain.

Be kind to the poor,
  While a plenty you have got,
Let them mourn no more,
  Lest poverty befall your lot.
By fortune and power
  With a plenty you are blest;
You need nothing more—
  Then leave the poor the rest.

Be kind to the poor,
  Nor let them longer pine;
Share your surplus store,
  And with them friendly join,
And may the gracious power
  Of Him who reigns above,
Bless you evermore
  For your fraternal love.

MISCELLANY.

From the Columbus Ohio State Tribune.

MR. EDITOR:—I have weekly read your paper with more than ordinary interest from the peculiar *tone* it has assumed in speaking of the evils of our social and political world, and the accounts of meetings held by the Workingmen in the Capitol of the State.

You may remember that when the Workingmen's Convention was held at Newark, the general impression was that there was but *one* great evil to be contended against, and that although hundreds of the "sons of toil" had met, there would not be enough intellect among them to conduct their business properly without the aid of *professional* men.

How changed are those opinions now. Instead of looking upon the Prison as the great fountain of distress, it is viewed only as the creature of that which has for centuries robbed labor of its products. Instead of hearing that the operatives of the land must be *supplied* with a head before they can act, we find a deep strong current moving along noiselessly, irresistibly, controlled, guarded, and sustained solely by this class.

In New England we see Convention after Convention held. In New York the same, "WHY DO WE SUFFER?" A spirit of enquiry is afloat engendered by poverty; and the operative both of the Old and New World asks why his title to his own productions has become extinct, and why the only alternative is to toil on from childhood to the grave,—his only recompense, is a scanty living. Ohio, too, has put the question.

The Workingman has looked upon the land and found it covered with nearly twenty millions of people. Of that twenty, only *five* are engaged in producing *all* the wealth. Our Fleets, Rail roads, Canals, &c.,—our Farms Cities, Towns and villages,—our Agricultural produce, Mineral wealth, and the produce of our Forests and fisheries are *all* the results of Labor. The Workingman digs from the bowels of the earth the precious metals, he melts the ore, transports it, builds the MINT, makes the die and strikes the coin. All the wealth of the Nation is the products of labor.

All the wealth is the result of the Workingman's skill and industry, and out of the twenty millions only five millions of producers and laborers are found. These things he sees, and yet when he again looks, he finds that the fifteen million idlers have possession of every thing, and the five of operatives nothing but the air and water. We see labor take its yearly produce, lay it in the lap of idleness, and then beg a small portion of it back; and he asks why is this. He sees the five millions toiling on from morn till night, to fill the land with plenty, and content themselves with the shadow of their subsistence. He sees the idler stretch himself at ease and laboring men build him palaces, magnificent equipages, lay out farms and gives him full possession, yields him the choisest produce of the land, and bow in meek submission to all his mandates, and for all this receive but a portion, a *small* portion of the produce in return. Taught to believe himself *free*, he wonders that he is a *slave* and has to toil on and yield up his rights or die, and he asks, why do I suffer?

The past, with its old mountain pyramids, its towering obelisks, its decayed temples palaces and tombs cries out thus, and much worse has it ever been. History points with unerring finger to the "Dark Ages" when might made right, and Rank preyed upon labor,—The past is wet with the tears, stained with the blood, and freighted with the groans of oppressed Labor. Thus was it ever. Will it be ever thus?

In the days of *feudal barbarism* Rank was the only mark of merit, and rank followed descent. The world was held in bondage by *Nobility* whose arbitrary laws made *birth* its creator. To be a Nobleman, virtuous deeds and *noble* acts were unnecessary. The castle roof, the Palace dome, must stand between the new-born noble and the air of Heaven. The humble Cot could only yield the world a serf, a laboring man. The tented field, the battle plain could bring *renown* only to those who boasted rank. This "Will and Testament," were Rank's prerogative, and Knightly deeds and Royal grace its own exclusive guardians. The *laws* were made at the lance's point, graven with the sword, and enforced by the battle axe. Rank was all powerful, and ruled with *iron* nerve. Labor was a slave, but amid the din of battle and the strife of Kings, it begat wealth. The Commoners of England arrayed themselves against Rank, with wealth for their weapon. Rank fell, and wealth was triumphant. The Shield and Buckler were thrown aside for the Statute Book; the Laws for the pen and loud battle cry for the "thunders of eloquence." Labor no longer stood in dread of haughty Baron or belted Knight. Might no longer made Right. The world hailed the event as the dawn of Liberty. Thus saith History.

What was the cause of all this? The Nobility of the Land, stamped infamy upon labor, and looked upon it as lawful prey. Its produce was seized upon whenever needed to make war or conclude peace, to sustain rank and kingly extravagance, under the plea that kings ruled by divine right, and might makes right. Wealth was preyed upon until the question arose, why do I suffer? That question dethroned Rank! Wealth seized the Empire. The immunities and privileges of Rank were appropriated to itself. It made laws creating its supremacy; it made laws extending its dominion. Labor became its prey, and, as once rank preyed upon it, it preyed upon Labor. The mace and battle axe were superceded by Legislative enactments; Landlords took the place of Barons; Factors of Knights; tax-gatherers, tithe-men, slavers and money-dealers, of robber soldiers. He who was born wealthy was born noble.

In 1776 it was declared that "all men are created equal," and endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights; life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Wealth and rank became alarmed at this dangerous doctrine, and combined to crush it. The mass moved on and they seemed to think a great discovery had been made, one worthy of prosecution. "Man has an undoubted right to the products of his own industry." The Constitution of the United States sprang from that motto. Thus saith History.

Labor is crying out, WHY DO I SUFFER?

When old Ben Franklin lived he said that when he passed a mechanic's shop and heard his hammer go early and late, he was sure that man would be rich. Then, the Statute Books of the General and State Governments had but few laws upon them, and those only which were needed to secure to man his life, liberty and property. He who was industrious was sure of competency. The Government was lauded by all. The wisdom of its framers acknowledged by the world. It was declared that God had endowed man with a right to the products of his labor, and the Government was made to secure it. England granted her subjects their lives and their liberties, neither of which could be taken away without "due process of Law." Wherein then was it intended that the New Government should differ from the Old? In securing to man the right to the produce of his Labor. The Colonists rebelled not because they were deprived of liberty or life only, but because England with her stamp duties and tea tax endeavored to deprive them of a portion of their wealth,—to take from them the right to the produce of their labor. And yet labor is crying out, "Why do I suffer." It is the great question? Thus saith the workingmen of the East, the North and the West.

Why do, the five millions who produce the Wealth, remain in poverty, while the fifteen millions who produce nothing roll in luxury? The sword, the thundering cannon, the glittering bayonet, are not brought to bare to force them to yield up their fruits. They yield not from Charity or Benevolence, and yield they do, and yield they must or DIE by starvation. They carry their wealth to the idler and beg a pittance in return, urged on by a power absolute and despotic. Why is this? What power is it that can thus force men to toil from sun to sun, from week to week, from year to year, and give up all the produce of that toil, and trust to the recipient for the return of sufficient to keep death at bay. Why is it that in England where Labor has produced machinery enough to do the work of two millions of men, and sends five hundred thousand to superintend it;—why is it that in that kingdom from which clothing enough is exported to cover half mankind, that the operative is clothed in rags? Why is it that in those who create all this surplus clothing are so far deprived of their right to the produce of ther labor that they scarcely can protect themselves from the inclemency of the seasons? Why is it that in the U. S. where millions of bushels of wheat are yearly produced by labor; that the cry of famishing children, and hungry men and women, is heard in the midst of the working classes? Why is it that the Farmers the Mechanic and laboring man who produce, all, are steeped in poverty; while those who produce nothing, command alone all? Why is labor robbed, and who are the robbers? How is it robbed of its produce?

Answer—BY LAW!

What Law or what Laws? The law creating Land Monopoly says one. The law creating Banks says another;—*The* law regulating our prisons says a third; it is the Tariff says a fourth; It is our expensive Government says a fifth; &c., &c. Each has some specific remedy for our ills, the repeal or enactment of some particular law.

LAW is the cause of our sufferings, and is used by wealth as once Rank used the falchion and spear—to rob us of our produce. Shall we add too, and extend, by enacting new laws, or shall we repeal and diminish the fountain of our slavery.

If Ben Franklin was sure that mechanics would be rich, when there were but FEW laws, would Labor be benefitted by a return to those few, as much or more than it would by doubling the present number?

In those days men were secure in their lives liberty and property, and there was not more than one law to every five hundred people.—Now men are secure (measurably) in their lives and liberty only, and there are five hundred laws where then there was one.

What must be done to ensure labor its reward?

Strike at every law which enables wealth to prey upon labor; Strike at every law which is special in its operations or gives protection to any class.

Labor needs but one law. "Thou shalt not steal," and when a government makes that law, it has done all it can do to protect labor. Prevent the produce of labor from being stolen from the producer, and you have all you can do to secure man in his right to the produce of his labor. Strike then at all special laws for they are but sophisms with which wealth has deceived and robbed labor.

Hoot at wealth when it speaks of creating "good times;" for the operative by law—when it asks for favors that it may be enabled to assist and exalt labor, let our motto be, "Let us alone," we will work out our own salvation. A Coer De Lion, a Philip, or a Charles never ruled the destinies of Europe as does a Rothschild. The proud king upon his throne cannot sway his own realm as easily as a despised Jew. Bayard or Cid Hamet, could not with all their men at arms, and wonderful prowess, scatter death and destruction through a province as easily as can now a *millionary*, spread want, misery and famine, throughout an entire district.

On the one hand was iron rule. On the other there is Law and——order. Law then proves more powerful than feudal tyranny. Wealth with its aid can do that which Rank with its glittering army could not accomplish. Rank was overthrown because the people asked "Why do we suffer." Wealth has played the tyrant robber, and the people again ask, "why do we suffer." The result, God knows.

S * * * *

Dissipated Boys.

There is not a more melancholy spectable to our eye than a class of dissipated boys whom we frequently meet in our walks, who seem to pride themselves in throwing off all restraint and indulging in smoking, drinking, and profane swearing. All this they consider to be manly and a mark of something above the common herd, who are trained up in puritan habits. Some of these lads are sons of wealthy parents who have the means of giving them a good education; but that they despise. Some are the sons of pious parents who would train them up in the service of God; but they say "It is a vain thing to serve God." Some are sons of ingenious, industrious mechanics and manufacturers, who would give them a valuable trade, or place them at the head of some important establishment, but they seem determined that they will never be doomed to get their bread by the sweat of their brow, they learn the low arts of trickery, and gambling and fraud; and soon begin to believe that they shall always have money enough without such degrading employments. But it is but a little while before we shall expect to see some of these lads caught in a spree, breaking windows or insulting people in the street, and then comfortably lodging in a watch-house. Early drunkenness will be their portions, and before they are twenty or twenty-five, not a few of them will be tenants of the State prison. This as assuredly will be their course, as that the sun rises and sets. There is no mistake about it. And then the hearts of fathers and mothers will be broken. Sisters now doting upon them, will be ashamed, and partake of their disgrace, and what expiation can they make? What reparation for the mischief done? And how can they get back into reputable society, or find the means of support? From dissipation they go to crime; from crime, to beggary; and from beggary to an early grave. Then they find that the way of the transgressors is hard; and O, with bitter tears do they lament the folly which we now see, but which they so much affect to despise.

LEVERETT & CO.
AT THE FITCHBURG CLOTH & CLOTHING STORE,
No. 13, Cheap Side,

HAVE now on hand, the *Largest Assortment* of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND SATTINETS, by one half, ever offered in this Vicinity. We have recently made large additions to our Stock, and now offer it at a very small advance from cost. Our assortment of HEAVY WOOLLENS especially, is full and complete; and those *who purchase by the yard*, as well as those who wish to have them made up into Garments in the latest and most *approved* style, will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

Constantly on hand a large and complete assortment of every style of GARMENTS known, Manufactured by us, especially for our *own trade*, and better made and trimed, and cut with more taste, than is usually found in *Clothing Stores*, and now offered to all who wish to get a *First Rate Garment*, for a small sum of money.

Furnishing Goods in Great Variety.

OUR CUSTOM DEPARTMENT, will need no comment. We pledge ourselves to furnish as good Fits—Work and Trimmings, as can be produced in this country. We have first rate workmen in our employ, and every facility for getting up a first rate Garment. To our old Friends, we shall always be at home and ready to fit them out in our usual *Good Style and Low Prices*. Those who have not favored us with their patronage, are invited to call and examine our stock, as we are confident they can make a saving of a handsome per centage, by so doing.

Fitchburg, August 14, 1845. n12tf.

FOR 1845.
PROSPECTUS FOR VOL. VII.
OF THE
American Phrenological Journal.

TO reform and perfect man—to bring out by culture the original beauties and capabilities of his nature, are objects the most exalted that can possible engross humanity. But, to do this either effectually or correctly, that nature must be known, and as Phrenology is the science of human nature, and especially of man's intellectual and moral constitution, it evolves all the elementary principles of his nature—thereby embodying all the laws of his being, all the conditions of happiness, and all the causes of all his sufferings, as well as of all the evils that afflict society; and all this so plain that "he that runs may read," and so beautiful as to excite our highest admiration. It also furnishes the only true test and touch-stone by which to try every doctrine and practice of the age, and indeed, of all past and all coming—every theory of society, every question of ethics, of morals, of logic, of equity, and even of religious creeds and practices; for, by devolving fully and clearly the primitive nature and constitution of man, and that in all its ramifications, it arranges, before the tribunal of that nature, every thing appertaining to man; approving whatever conflicts therewith.

The accompanying numbers of this periodical, as well as its three last volumes, will serve as samples of its future course, excepting that the following important departments will be added.

1st that of Physiology. Though, for several years, the Journal has contained more or less physiological fact and information, yet its space has been too much occupied otherwise to give that full attention to the exposition and enforcing of the laws of animal life, including the value of health and the means of regaining and preserving it, which their importance demands. To know and obey these laws, lies at the basis of all human improvement and happiness; for, be it remembered, that life and health depend thereon, and on them depend all our pleasures, whether mental or physical. Even intellectual attainments and moral progression must be accompanied by physiological, especially cerable, improvement. The connection of Physology with mentality—the different states of body as inducing their corresponding states of mind—have been almost completely overlooked, even by Phrenologists themselves.

Our talents, our virtues, our vices, our mental and moral progression, depend more upon what, how and when, we eat, drink, sleep, labor, bathe, &c.—upon our physical habits and physiological condition—than most people suppose. The plain fact is, few people know how to eat! or sleep! or breathe! or live! If they did sickness would be unknown, and sin comparatively banished from our world. Those physiological conditions, therefore, which affect mind and morals, will be freely discussed in this volume.

2nd. That of Animal Magnetism, or the vital principle. So indissolubly is this science connected with both Phrenology and Physiology, that neither should ever be pursued without the other. At least every student of the latter sciences who prosecutes his investigations unguided by the light of this new star of human science, but gropes his way in comparative darkness. Surprisingly beautiful and philosophical, as well as rich in lessons of health and happiness, are the discoveries evolved by applying magnetism to phrenological and physiological investigations. And surely, as a remedial agent, this application exceeds, and will eventually supersede, all others. Aware of no work or periodical which covers this most interesting, most important field of human inquiry, the Editor intends to occupy it, at least, partially, in this volume.

3d. A department devoted to woman. To improve her, is to benefit the human race, whilst her degeneracy detoriates it. Female education—nearly every thing appertaining to her—is now effecting her ruin as fast as the rapid flight of time will allow. Long enough has her vanity been inflated with the gaudy, the artificial, and the fashionable. Too long already, have her exquisite sensibilities been perverted, and the beauties and graces of her nature been converted either into play-things—mere toys for man to sport with—or else prostitutad at the shrine of the worst of human passions. Infinitely more perfect, more prolific than any human thing ever yet beheld by mortals, are the natural charms and beauties of the female character. But, they have yet to be brought out. To do this effectually, her nature and capabilities must be known, These, her Phrenology and Physiology will reveal; in doing which they will also disclose her true sphere, and her consequent duties. To this eventful subject—and none can be more prolific of good to man—will a portion of this volume be dedicated. Nor will mothers, in their distinctive relations as mothers, be neglected,

Those at all acquainted with the Editor's style of writing or lecturing, will readily comprehend his manner of treating these and other subjects that come appropriately within the wide range of phrenological, physiological and magnetic science. Our field is indeed the world. Not only is it already ripe for the harvest, but it is becoming corrupted and all overgrown with the tares of uncleanliness and the thistle of sin. To receive the good into vessels, will be the object of every successive number of this work. Those, therefore, who drop tears of sorrow over fallen humanity, or who would lend a helping hand to its restoration, may perhaps do good as effectually by circulating this work as in any other way; for its pages will embody both the seeds and the crop of all reform.—Human improvement and happiness are designed to be inscribed on its page, its every line.

Nor, in this long line of subjects, will the practical department of phrenological science—its principles, its facts its philosophy, or information requisite for furthering the progress of amateurs, be neglected.

And since nothing—neither the acquisition of any species of knowledge, nor the possession of any form or degree of wealth, or honor, or any possession whatever—can as effectually benefit, or as deeply interest, every member of the human family, as will that knowledge of our nature imparted by Phrenology, which renders it the science for "the million;" and since it is proper and desirable that a monthly Journal, devoted to this science, should be accessible to all—to the poor as well as to the rich, to the illiterate, as well as to the scientific—this Journal will be furnished on the following extremely low

TERMS.

It will be issued in monthly numbers of 32 pages each, at $1 for a single copy; or three copies for $2; for nine copies for $5; or 20 copies for $10.

Address subscriptions to O. S. FOWLER, Editor and Proprietor, 131 Nassau st., New York.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE. The subscribers have formed a Copartnership under the firm of HAYWARD & BACON; and have taken the store recently occupied by the late firm of HAYWARD & BROOKS, where they intend to keep a large assortment of fashionable BOOTS & SHOES, of every description which will be sold low for cash—wholesale and retail, No. 4, Merchants Row.

HORACE HAYWARD,
RANSELLEAR BACON

BOSTON
THURSDAY MESSENGER,
A Weekly Newspaper
OF MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE AND USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING
FAMILY READING.

The following inducements will, we trust be considered sufficiently strong to place the "MESSENGER" in the hands of at least one family in every village and hamlet in New England, and for that reason, we have fixed the terms of subscription so low that any one who wishes can readily obtain it.

TERMS,
(Invariably in Advance.)

Single copy,—one year, - - -	$2,00
" " six months, - -	1,00
Three copies of the Thursday Messenger one year, or one copy three years, sent to one address,	5,00
Seven copies of the Thursday Messenger one year, sent to one address,	10,00
Twelve copies " " " "	15,00
Seventeen " " " " "	20,00

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials, and are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct.—They should always give names and time paid for.

No letters taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid, and no attention given to orders unless accompanied by the money. Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed from as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

The terms of the "Messenger" are invariably in advance, no paper being continued beyond the period paid for.

By a provision of the new law, which took effect in July, all persons residing within thirty miles of the place of publication, can receive the Messenger by mail, free of postage.

Papers copying this, or giving its substance in editorial form, will receive a free exchange by sending us a paper containing it.

Postmasters acting as our agents and furthering the circulation of the "Messenger" will receive a fair per centage on subscriptions, and a copy of the paper.

CLAPP & Co.
No. 5, Water st., Boston.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.
MOFFAT'S
VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS
AND
PHŒNIX BITTERS.

The high and envied celebrity which these pre-eminent Medicines have acquired for their invariable efficacy in all the diseases which they profess to cure, has rendered the usual practice of puffing not only unnecessary, but unworthy of them. They are known by their fruits; their good works testify for them, and they thrive not by the faith of the credulous.

IN ALL CASES

Of ASTHMA, ACUTE and CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, AFFECTIONS of the BLADDER and KIDNEYS.

BILIOUS FEVERS & LIVER COMPLAINTS.—In the south and west, where these diseases prevail, they will be found invaluable. Planters, farmers, and others, who once use these Medicines, will never afterwards be without them.

BILIOUS CHOLIC, and SEROUS Looseness, BILES, COSTIVENESS, COLDS & COUGHS, *CHOLIC,* CONSUMPTION. Used with great success in this disease.

CORRUPT HUMORS, DROPSIES,

DYSPEPSIA. No person with this distressing disease, should delay using these medicines immediately.

ERUPTIONS of the Skin, ERYSIPELAS, FLATULENCY,

FEVER and AGUE. For this scourge of the western country these medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these medicines is permanent—TRY THEM, BE SATISFIED, AND BE CURED.

FOULNESS of COMPLEXION,

GENERAL DEBILITY,

GOUT, GIDDINESS, GRAVEL, HEADACHES, of every kind, INWARD FEVER, INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM, IMPURE BLOOD, JAUNDICE, LOSS of APPETITE,

LIVER COMPLAINTS,

LEPROSY, LOOSENESS,

MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Never fails to eradicate entirely all the effects of Mercury infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparation of Sarsaparilla.

NIGHT SWEATS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, NERVOUS COMPLAINTS of all kinds, ORGANIC AFFECTIONS, PALPITATION of the HEART, PAINTER'S CHOLIC.

PILES. The original proprietor of these medicines was cured of Piles of 35 years standing by the use of these Life Medicines alone.

PAINS in the head, side, back, limbs, joints and organs.

RHEUMATISM. Those afflicted with this terrible disease, will be sure of relief by the Life Medicines.

RUSH of BLOOD to the HEAD, SCURVY, *SALTRHEUM, SWELLINGS,*

SCROFULA, or KING'S EVIL, in its worst forms, *ULCERS, of every description*

WORMS, of all kinds, are effectually expelled by these Medicines. Parents will do well to administer them whenever their existence is suspected. Relief will be certain.

THE LIFE PILLS AND PHŒNIX BITTERS
PURIFY THE BLOOD,
And thus remove all disease from the system.

A single trial will place the LIFE PILLS and PHŒNIX BITTERS beyond the reach of competition in the estimation of every patient.

The genuine of these medicines are now put up in white wrappers and labels, together with a pamphlet, called "Moffat's Good Samaritan," containing the directions, &c. on which is a drawing of Broadway from Wall street to our Office, by which strangers visiting the city can very easily find us. The wrappers and Samaritans are copyrighted, therefore those who procure them with white wrappers can be assured that they are genuine. Be careful, and do not buy those with *yellow* wrappers; but if you do, be satisfied that they come direct from us, or dont touch them.

☞ Prepared and sold by
DR. WILLIAM B. MOFFAT,
335 Broadway, corner of Anthony street, New York.
For Sale by
S. & C. SHEPLEY, Booksellers, Fitchburg, Mass.